

OUR DUMB animals

DECEMBER

1946



"We have seen His star in the East"

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — WILLIAM M. MORRILL

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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Christmas

*They all were looking for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.*

—George MacDonald

BORN, so we are told, in a stable, because "there was no room for them in the inn." Living out His boyhood and early manhood days in a lowly carpenter's home, in a little Jewish village called Nazareth, nearly 2,000 years ago. Who, that knew Him then, met Him on the streets, in the school, and at the synagogue, could have believed that twenty centuries away, in the far distant future, there would be heard sounding out from untold numbers of churches and cathedrals bearing His name, such exultant words as:

**"Lift up your heads O yet gates and be ye lifted
up ye everlasting doors and the King of glory will
come in."**

And kindling to adoration great congregations of worshippers with the triumphant words:

**"Unfold ye portals everlasting with welcome to
receive Him—behold the King of Glory."**

And that glorious song of praise:

**"And He shall reign forever and forever, King of
Kings and Lord of Lords."**

with which the great Hallelujah Chorus ends.

And why these songs of adoration now after that lowly natal day? Because He was in very truth, as none other has ever been, Son of Man and Son of God, the incarnate revelation of God to you and me and all mankind as our Father, our Lover, and our Friend. "Before him we bow, the effulgence of God's glory, the express image of His substance." And if our Father, then come what may to us and to the world in which we live, of joy or sorrow, of hope or fear, of light or darkness, of life or death, a Father's love is working out His answer to our prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done."

This it means and nothing less than this, that the Eternal God has spoken and has revealed Himself as He really is in Jesus Christ. This is the good tidings that Christmas has been bringing to His earthly children century after century, on Christmas Day.

F. H. R.

To the Rescue

By ESTHER D. HOOEY

A LAD 12 years of age, the son of a camp cook at Cochrane, about 500 miles north of Toronto, left for a few days' visit to town. This lad has no companions so he is very fond of his dogs, "Blackie," a big collie that draws him to school, and a tiny mongrel dog, named "Puce." The day that Guie went to town, Blackie disappeared and was not seen for days. When the lad Guie returned he at once started a search for his collie. Two men from the camp accompanied him. They soon came upon some tracks in the snow which Guie declared he knew were the tracks of his tiny dog Puce. The snow was deep and the little dog had evidently found the going very hard. "She must know where Blackie is," said the lad. After going for a mile and a half one man thought he heard a dog barking. They started to call Blackie and he answered. Guie said, "I never ran so fast in all my life. I could hear Blackie moaning and when we reached him he licked my face so furiously I couldn't see to get him loose.

He was caught in a fox snare, and had the sense to lie still, otherwise the circulation would have been cut off his leg, and he would have frozen to death, for the thermometer registered 30 below. The tiny dog, Puce, had carried meat from the camp to his pal. How he managed to drag the meat no one knows. To use Guie's words, "I cannot imagine how Puce ever got through the snow. I do not know what prompted her to dig under logs when she couldn't get over or around them. I don't know where she got the strength and endurance, but it is a good thing for Blackie and for me that she did."

Marks in the snow showed that Puce had to rest very often. Bones were found all around where Blackie lay, bones Puce brought from Blackie's kennel, and a ham bone which had been missed from the camp, also a piece of roast meat.

That the tiny dog managed to carry the food all this distance and thus keep his pal alive until help arrived shows the devotion of a dog friend.

Here and There

KINDNESS, indeed, is of a wider application than mere justice, for we naturally treat men alone according to justice and the laws, while kindness and gratitude, as though from a plenteous spring, often extend even to irrational animals. It is right for man to feed horses which have been worn out in his service, and not merely to train dogs when they are young, but to take care of them when they are old.

Many persons, too, have made friends and companions of dogs, as did Xanthippus in old times, whose dog swam all the way to Salamis beside his master's ship when the Athenians left their city, and which he buried on the promontory which to this day is called the Dog's Tomb. We ought not to treat living things as we do our clothes and our shoes, and throw them away after we have worn them out, but we ought to accustom ourselves to show kindness in these cases, if only in order to teach ourselves the duty toward one another. For my own part, I would not even sell an ox that had labored for me because he was old.

—Plutarch



THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

Kindness and care in nursing is very much in evidence, as Nurse Dorothy Broderick, of our Hospital, feeds this pair of little piggies. Recently taken to the Hospital, suffering from a minor ailment, the unusual patients are now well on the road to recovery, and attendants, meanwhile, have appropriately called them "Pigskin" and "Touchdown," in keeping with the recent football season.

I COULDN'T eat without remorse—a horse."

—Fred Allen Program

Cop: "Do both of your dogs have licenses?"

Rastus: "Yassuh! Yassuh! Dey's just covered wid 'em!"

MAN is the god of the dog; he knows no other; he can understand no other. And see how he worships him—with what reverence he crouches at his feet—with what love he fawns upon him—with what dependence he looks up to him—with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapt up in his god. All the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service. And these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse.

Divines tell us that it just ought to be so with the Christian—but the dog puts the Christian to shame.

—Robert Burns

LIBERTY is a thing of spirit—to be free to worship, to think, to hold opinions, and to speak without fear—free to challenge wrong and oppression with surety of justice.

—Herbert Hoover



LET EVERYTHING THAT HATH BREATH, PRAISE THE LORD.

Margaret Tarrant

Hale, Cushman and Flint

Peace and Harmony are associated with—

Birds and the Nativity

By ROBERT B. PATTISON

THE Birth of our Lord, according to the Biblical record, was announced by the song, "Peace on earth, good will to men." It is natural enough that we associate that event with the peace and harmony which birds have brought into the same world. "Good tidings of great joy," proclaimed the angel; and joy has always been one of the gifts which our feathered friends have brought mankind.

Certain legends have grown up in time which, while not strictly based on truth, nevertheless have this truth about them: it pleases people to connect closely the beauty and sweetness of the Nativity with the sweetness and beauty of bird life.

Examples of this are fascinating. There is the belief that the English robin and the wren are sacred birds, so that we have the old-time quaint rhymes:

The robins and the wrens are God Almighty's friends.

The robin and the wren are God's two holy men.

Ancient tales have it that both of these lovable little "holy men" were present at the Bethlehem manger when Jesus was born. The red breast of the robin is explained, however, not by the manger, but by the Cross; this bird bravely tried to pull the cruel thorns from the bleeding head of Christ so that the red of the robin's own blood mingled with that of the Saviour and ever since, the rich color has remained upon the robin's breast as Heaven's special symbol of such

devotion. So it is, according to legends, that the robin had a prominent place at both the Birth and the Death of Jesus.

There is a strange old Christmas carol stating that the stork was in the Bethlehem stable; its presence there won for it an eternal blessing, as the curious ancient rhyme informs us:

*Then from her pauntyng brest
shee pluckd
The fethers whyte and warm;
Shee strawed them in the Maungier
bed
To keep the Lord from harme.
Now blessed bee the gentil storke
Forevermore, quothe Hee,
For that shee saw my sadde estate
And showed such Pytye.*

The stork is the bird of good luck in the minds of the farmers of Palestine, even today. It brings the springtime, they say; and their name for this bird is "Abu Saad" which means "the father of goodness" because storks devour such quantities of locusts and thus save food for the peasants in that land.

Another legend associated the rooster with Christ's birth. It became a belief that this bird, which crows in the early morning, once a year crew all night through; so that Shakespeare put into his play, "Hamlet," the lines:

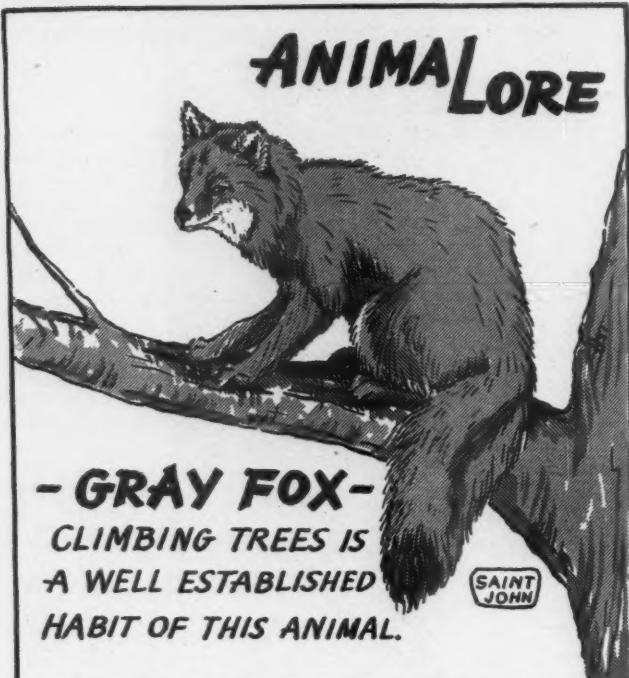
*Some say, that ever 'gainst that
season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is
celebrated,*

*The bird of dawning singeth all
night long—
So hallowed and so gracious is
the time.*

The rooster, along with the raven and the rook, enters into another curious fable from the long ago; and in this, three four-legged animals have their share with the three birds. It dates from the fourth century, or even earlier. Somewhere in England this quaint old legend is pictured out in a wall-painting. According to this, the cock, at the moment of Christ's birth, crowed, "Christus natus est." (Christ is born.) To this information, the raven croaked, "Quando?" (When?) And the rook made reply, "Hac nocte." (This night.) The ox then moored, "Ubi?" (Where?) The sheep bleated the answer, "Bethlehem." To all of which, the donkey brayed the practical finale, "Eamus!" (Let us go there.).

From long before the Nativity of Jesus, there came the Biblical line, "Flying birds—let them praise the name of the Lord." (Psalm 148:10,13). Literally, it has ever been so; birds have honored God through their songs and, also, through their very valuable habit of saving harvests by eating untold millions of destructive insects.

These oldtime legends thus live on and have come to our own day with their manner of connecting the useful and beautiful life of Jesus with the useful and beautiful lives of our feathered friends.



Rites for Animals

By IDA M. PARDUE

HAVE you ever heard of a religious ceremony just for animals? America has none such, in spite of the tremendous popularity enjoyed by pets of all kinds—but other countries have.

Mexico, for instance, has two such days. On January 17, the dusty roads of old Mexico are dotted with horses, cows and other animals gaily decked out, for the occasion, in ribbons, flowers and even paint. Their destination is the nearest church, where the priest will come out to speak and bestow his blessing on the animals. Mexico's second such observance is followed, but not so popularly, on Candlemas Day, which falls on February 2.

Horses go through a similar ceremony on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, in Austria. This remnant of a once weird heathen rite is now reduced to exciting bareback races run around a church. After the races, the horses are led before the priest to be sprinkled with holy water and given a blessing.

In Swiss Valais, it is sheep—the large flocks of sheep which have grazed all summer high in the lush mountain meadows, are the subjects of a colorful religious ceremony. On the second Sunday in September, the flocks are driven down from the mountains, and collected in an appointed spot. There the villagers join in a solemn mass of thanksgiving for the safe return of their animals.

A very old purification rite is re-enacted on St. Sylvester's Eve, or "Smoke Night," as December 31 is called by some Europeans. Into the stalls and barns inhabited by stock animals, holy water and sacred smoke are carried, to chase away the old year troubles.

Listen to the Bees On Christmas Eve

THAT way you can find out in advance just what kind of a holiday you'll have. The bees will tell you.

Silly? Perhaps—but just the same, listening to the bees on Christmas Eve is an old custom still faithfully followed in Yorkshire, England.

The idea that bees have the gift of prophecy is extremely old. In ancient times, the activities of bee colonies were watched anxiously, as anything the insects did could be interpreted as some kind of omen.

Farmers, particularly, read bee signs for information regarding crops and weather. The sudden desertion of a hive, for instance, was a sure sign of a poor harvest.

This ancient belief has resulted in some strange, but interesting customs. In certain countries, the bees are actually kept informed of household events—deaths, marriages, births, and the like.

Birds and Christmas

TODAY, in Scandinavian countries, a charming custom takes place every Christmas Eve. Bundles of grain—wheat or rye, are fastened to poles in yards, or tied in other convenient spots as holiday snacks for the birds.

Could this custom have originated in an old pagan rite? In early Christian times, everyone decorated his home with sprigs of holly, because it kept away witches and attracted wood sprites. From Christmas Eve to Candlemas, the holly remained in place, to receive the spirits which were supposed to leave their forest homes during this period.

At Candlemas, the ceremony was ended with the holly placed outside for the birds. If the bright, red berries disappeared quickly, this was a good omen, signifying that the spirits had been released by the plant, and were once more in their homes.



"We only taught him to bring it in from the porch. He learned to read by himself."



Photo, Pedro E. Hernandez

No Speech Is Necessary Here!

If My Dog Could Talk

by P. D. Keating

I WISH my dog could talk! Every owner of a dog has at some time or another expressed such a desire. And if such a miracle could come to pass, then the world would profit by it.

For, if dogs could only talk, the many misunderstandings that now crop up daily between master and servant would be overcome. I know that I would certainly welcome such a blessing.

If my female dog were given the power of speech, the gap that now separates us—a barrier that is so unjust at times—would then be bridged. By being able to talk to her, I could reason out many distressing problems.

When leaving for work in the morning, I could explain why she should not follow me. This would save all the time and energy that is now expended in leading her back to the house. And she could be educated to the fact that dogs are not permitted on busses or in office buildings.

If she could talk, she would not have to wag her tail to express her pleasure and satisfaction. Nor would she be forced to lick my hands and face to show her appreciation. A few words of gratitude would be enough, thus eliminating the tail-wagging and face-washes.

Sometimes, I do step on her tail by accident. When this, unfortunately, would occur, I could apologize to her, berating

my own clumsiness. She would then understand that everything was all right between us and that it would not be necessary for her to take to cover.

The power of speech would come in handy when I wished to show my dog off. She could tell me beforehand if she were in the proper mood for performing. A whole lot of embarrassing moments would thus be saved for she would not disappoint me, like she does now, when I proudly boast of her great intelligence. You, too, perhaps have been chagrined when your "wonder dog" failed to live up to advance publicity before a critical audience.

When my pet would be indisposed, she would be able to tell me of her aches and pains. Dogs have off-days just like humans. Thus, if she were not up to par, I would be willing to excuse her if she acted indifferently. Sometimes, her food becomes tasteless—especially when she has had the same diet for days without a change. I do forget, once in a while, to change the menu and when this would happen, she could speak "her mind."

I could point out to her the utter foolishness of chasing cats. It may be great fun while the chase is on, but I could show her definitely that the cats are only playing a game with her. And I would try to convince her that the day will never come when she or any other dog will ever get the best of a cat, especially so when there is a tree nearby. But, I suppose that she will not see this side of the picture and will go on chasing cats, always in fun, of course—just like all humans are always chasing rainbows.

I am certain if my dog could talk, she would avoid many of her daily predicaments. Such as trying to jump on me when I am dressed in my Sunday best, leaving her hair all over the house, and playing with shoes and other wearing apparel.

She could be shown how ridiculous it is for her to follow me around at every hand's turn. If I am called out of town and must leave her in good care, I could make her realize that the boarding kennel is the best spot for her. I could explain to her ever so clearly that I am not trying to get rid of her when she has to be thus penned in strange surroundings.

There are ever so many things that crop up daily that could be nicely argued out if she could only talk. Why she cannot go to the movies with me or to church on Sunday. Why, sometimes, she must be muzzled even though she wouldn't bite a fly. Why she must be rubbed frequently with flea powder. Why baths are healthful and necessary. And why she shouldn't keep the neighbors awake all night with her barking!

If my dog could talk, she would have a lot in her favor, also. She would not have to listen to silly baby talk or take all the petting and fussing that now comes her way from women. She could complain of her disappointments and tell me of her love affairs.

However, with all this wishing, God's way may be the best way after all. Maybe my dog would not like it if she were suddenly permitted to talk. There is an old proverb—"One never misses what one never had!"

Perhaps, if my dog could talk, things would, indeed, be different. She might not have the same regard for me that she now has. And then too, she might tell me what she really thinks of me. Dogs, you know, are that way—sincere and to the point!

She might even express her opinion of the human race—how selfish and ignorant are we mortals. I know that I would resent such an expression of her feelings. Then that fine friendship that now exists between us would be in jeopardy.

But, in spite of everything, I wish my dog could talk. Even though she would soon learn how self-centered and fickle her master is. For there is a possibility that she might help to make a man of me with her careful observations.

And, if she could talk, I would be willing to take the biggest of all risks—that she might even talk too much!

Donald Was a Soldier

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

DONALD joined the Black Watch more than 100 years ago, but his story is still something of a tradition in the regiment.

It was in 1834, that the 42nd Royal Highlanders, better known as the Black Watch, came home to Edinburgh from active service in the Mediterranean. Among the depot replacements awaiting the regiment was one rookie listed as Donald the Deer.

Donald at once became regimental mascot. A few months after enlisting he made the three-day march from Edinburgh to Glasgow with the regiment. In the summer of 1838 the Black Watch went to Dublin.

Without previous training Donald took his place at the head of the regiment, beside the sergeant-major. From that day the animal was never absent at parade or drill, on route marches or guard mount.

On long marches Donald often grazed a mile or more from the troops. But when the order was given to fall in for the return march, Donald was always at his post.

Like all good soldiers, Donald could take care of himself in an emergency. In Dublin streets or the nearby country towns he was a formidable opponent for any who tried to interfere with his plans. In Dublin he was known to single out an individual who molested him and pursue that person in the crowd.

In May, 1839, Donald made the nine days' march to Limerick, although foot-sore and out of temper most of the time. Only men of the Black Watch could approach him at the end of each day's march.

Later that year Donald and the regiment hiked over more of Ireland, finally reaching Cork. There the Black Watch was ordered to embark for service in the Mediterranean. By this time Donald had become so fractious and ill-tempered it was clear he could not be taken aboard ship.

So Donald the Deer parted company with the Black Watch at Cork. The regiment entrusted him to the care of a Lord Bandon at Bandon Castle.

There Donald was guaranteed a life of contentment and ease, but he chose otherwise. Instead, he grew more ill-tempered, more unapproachable by man or any other animal. Some two years later he answered the soldier's last call.

Perhaps Donald the Deer died broken-hearted as much as anything else. The soldier's life had been the only life he knew, the barracks his only home. The green pastures around Bandon Castle were not to his liking.

Horse's Christmas Package

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

"DEMAS,"
CARE OF SENIOR OFFICER
BRITISH FORCES
CAIRO, EGYPT

THAT was the address on a Christmas package that was given to General Prendergast one Christmas, during World War I.

But "Demas," "Demas," who in the world was this "Demas?" That was the puzzling question at the General's headquarters.

Since Demas appeared to be unknown, the package had to be opened in order to try to get some identification from its contents. It contained one pound of sugar and one pound of biscuits and two letters, one from a woman and one from a child, as the handwriting indicated.

The older person's letter read, "Dear Demas,—This is to wish you a happy Christmas, and be a brave good old horse, and after the war, come home to us." The child's letter read, "Dear Demas,—A very happy Christmas and New Year. I send you some sugar and biscuits for a Christmas present. Please come home for the Horse Show in July." The letter was signed, "from your loving Joan."

So Demas was a war horse!

Some months before, he had been picked up by recruiting officers in Lancashire. He was a great family pet and, of course, greatly missed, especially by Little Joan. Now, as the horse business went in wartime, it was impossible to keep track of the horses' original names

and they lost their identity entirely, save for the number given to each one to insure the return of the surviving ones to their owners after the war.

But, strange as it may seem, Demas' name was not lost and being a nice horse and very well-mannered, he became a general officer's charger. This officer happened to be General Prendergast, who was spending some time at Cairo, at Christmastime.

So Demas got his package and little Joan got a letter of thanks sent in the name of Demas and the promise of his wartime master that every effort would be made to see that he got back home again after the war.



Dogs

I can't stay long in Heaven,
If no dogs greet me there
I could not call it homeland
Or paint it, bright and fair.

Though friends may be so near me,
And perfect love abound
I'll long to hear the barking of
Of shepherd, collie, hound.

And spaniels with sweet faces,
The wolfhounds, tall and white,
That make me think of lilies,
At Eastertide, so bright.

And those brown poodle faces,
Like pansies, fair and sweet,
I'll say, there're dogs in Heaven,
To make it all complete.

—Gertrude Mitchell

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

He Spreads Himself!

The guacharo is quite a bird;
A hero he would be,
If he lived near enough to us,
For he'd fill us with glee.

This South American treasure would
With joy make housewives sputter;
Because the natives found a way
To use his oil for butter!



Turtles Amaze Me

By OPEL E. SUCHARETZA

OF all the cold-blooded reptiles, I must confess the turtle most amazes me. Snakes, lizards, and crocodiles send a slight shudder up and down my spine as I think of them, but I stand in awe and respect at the sight of a stolid, matter-of-fact, plodding turtle.

The Creator had a very definite plan in mind when He made turtles, and it apparently required no revision, for they have been traveling hither and yon over the earth for a mere 175 million years, and are still in essentially the same form as when they started.

Turtles have been known as an emblem of longevity for many years, for it is not uncommon for one of them to live a century or longer. In China, in addition to being a symbol of long life, they are said to be an indication of righteousness, also. Wise turtles are supposed to have protected the dikes along the Yellow River at various times, and have even prophesied the downfall of a dynasty. China has not forgotten her debt to the turtle in respect and devotion.

Man, if he is lucky enough to live his full "three score years and ten," usually uses three complete sets of teeth—and how he suffers with them! Strange is the fact that turtles have lived for millions of years with no teeth at all. This



does not prove detrimental, however, as their claws aid them in tearing food into bits, and they seldom select objects too large to manipulate.

Food problems of turtles develop when winter sets in, as they live, to a great extent, on insects, worms, and plants, and only the most tender, delicate parts of the plants at that. But Mother Nature comes to the rescue. First, she made the turtle a cold-blooded creature. This means that there is no heating apparatus within his body, so he must be content to maintain the same approximate temperature as the water, earth, or air surrounding him. Therefore, he must remain where it is above freezing and not too hot. So when winter arrives, he snuggles down in a foot or so of leaf mold or in warm mud in the bottom of a lake or river bed, and dreams the months away until spring arrives. There is no danger of starvation at this time, as turtles are able to survive for months without food, even when normally active. There is sufficient fat within his body to supply the energy necessary during hibernation.

The turtle has relied on his shell for a most effective means of protection for all these millions of years, while numerous grotesque-looking creatures have

appeared and vanished from the earth, leaving only their remains in rocks for curiosity seekers who call themselves fossil-hunters to find.

Turtles have made themselves at home on dry land, in fresh waters, and in the seas, almost every type of environment that this earth has to offer, but they prefer warmer climates. They have readily adapted themselves to life in hills and mountains, plains and desert country. You will find them in ditches, ponds, and streams.

Turtles are fairly smart too. Although they have no sense of hearing, they can feel your slightest touch, and their sense of sight is so keenly developed that they easily distinguish between various colors. Surprising, too, is their ability to be taught to run patterns and figures, and to differentiate between the black and white lines of these patterns.

Yes, the next time I meet up with Mr. Turtle, I shall treat him with the respect that is his due, for I know well, that if it were possible, he probably would shake one of his sharp-nailed fore claws at me and say, "I knew your ancestors when they were running around on all fours, and bore not even the slightest similarity to human beings." Yes indeed, turtles do amaze me.

Lasting Tribute . . .

IN northern Wales, a little stone church still stands today, after weathering almost 750 years of service and time. And the history of that ivy-clad chapel reveals the strange story that it was built by a nobleman—in loving tribute to a dog. And if the church is unusual, the story "behind" it is even more so.

Prince Llewelyn who allowed his giant-size Irish wolfhound the run of the castle grounds never permitted it inside the castle. You can imagine then, the noble-

man's surprise and horror as he entered the nursery to find his young son's bed empty, and his dog, bloodstained and torn, appearing from under the bed.

His first thought was of the jealousy the dog had openly displayed at the time of the child's birth. With an anguished cry, he drew a knife and lunged at the dog. Once, twice, he slashed and the dog fell silently at his feet. The shaken man stepped back and then—a cry, a child's cry!

By RICHIE WADDELL

Rushing behind the bed, he found his son, unharmed. As he held the child in his arms, he noticed a dark object in the corner. Raising the partially opened window to its full height, the dim light revealed the body of a full-grown wolf. A closer glance showed bits of the dog's hair still clutched in its teeth.

Fully realizing his tragic error of judgment, the saddened nobleman built the little stone chapel in grateful tribute to the memory of this brave dog.

Symbols of

By Florence

Santa Claus' Reindeer



WHEN we see pictures of the reindeer, we are likely to think of the big, prancing animals that pull the sleigh of Kris Kringle as he dashes through the snow on Christmas Eve, visiting the homes of good children, who, expecting his coming, hang up their stockings near the chimney-place where the kind old gentleman may find them easily and fill them with goodies from his bulging pack.

However, wholly apart from this well-loved story, the reindeer are among the most useful animals on earth, furnishing man with food, clothing, transportation and even milk.

In 1889, the United States Government, to help the starving Alaskan Indians, whose walrus industry had been destroyed, imported about 1,000 reindeer from Siberia. These, roaming through a stretch of country some 4,000 miles wide and 1,500 miles long, thronged and so multiplied that today they number more than a million, over half of which are owned by the Eskimo members of the Indian family.

The typical home of the reindeer is in

Lapland, which comprises part of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. Since they must live in such cold northern countries with no kind of indoor shelter, Nature has thoughtfully provided them with heavy hair about the neck and shoulders and a growth of long, whitish hair under the neck which keeps them warm through the coldest days.

Perhaps you might wonder how the natives manage about transportation in this land of great distances, where trains, busses, and other means of modern travel cannot enter. Their best friend is the nimble reindeer that willingly pull their sleighs for them across the frozen snow, sometimes for as many as a hundred miles a day without needing to stop for food, drink or rest. Reindeer can run more swiftly than dogs or even horses, and since they, like the camel, can subsist on their own fat, they are more sought after than huskies, Alaskan dogs, that must have their food found for them along the way.

The pleasant sounding name of reindeer comes from the Lapp language and signifies "reino" or "pasturage" which

**The Reindeer is
associated in every
child's mind with
Christmas, but in reality,
this animal is, in itself,
a real gift to mankind.**

means what the name implies—an animal that pastures. In summertime, when these are plentiful, reindeer graze on moss, lichens, mushrooms and stunted vegetation, while in winter, when the Arctic winds are blowing and there is nothing left for them to graze on above ground, they live on coral-moss which they can get by pawing away the frozen snow with their sharp little hooves.

Mrs. Reindeer usually has but one child a year, and this is called a fawn. Both males and females have flat horns which they shed in the spring, but mother Reindeer keeps hers longer than does her mate, no doubt to protect the feeding places for her young.

On warm days, like city people, reindeers like to visit the seashore to escape the swarms of mosquitoes that are farther inland and, also, so that they may lap up the flaky specks of salt from the ocean.

So, on Christmas Eve, when you see St. Nicholas and his eight tiny reindeer coming down from the sky, remember that these steeds not only serve Santa in his yearly trip to earth, but also are a boon to mankind every day of the year.

of Christmas

Florence Nelson

Wise Men's Camel

A valuable animal to the whole world, the camel is, perhaps, best remembered as the bearer of the three wise men to Bethlehem.

SINCE earliest Bible days and in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, mention has often been made of an animal which, though ungainly and awkward to the sight, has had but few equals in its great value and usefulness to man.

These creatures, "ships of the desert," as they have been termed, can cover a distance of from eight to ten miles an hour across the burning sands and continue a steady gait all day without needing to stop for food or drink, except perhaps a handful of dates and the leaves of some prickly shrub which they find along the way.

Camels are able to travel these vast distances without any real nourishment such as other animals would require because the fat of their hump serves as a reservoir of food for them, while the honey-comb cells in their three-cornered stomachs, which have one compartment always conveniently filled with water, provide them with all they need to drink whenever they are thirsty. Another oddity is their padded feet, with toes that spread out as they walk. This pre-



vents them from sinking into the sand and enables the camel to tread lightly in places where even the swiftest horse would not dare to venture. But the animal's capacity to make a long journey depends on the hump being high and fat. The Arab drivers must appraise this carefully before setting out; otherwise they would never arrive at their journey's end.

When a sand storm occurs—as they frequently do in desert lands—the camel feels no inconvenience from the millions of particles of flying sand, for its eyes are screened with heavy lashes and its nostrils are adapted for closing at such times. The drivers, on the contrary, do not fare so well, and must hastily dismount, throw themselves face downward on the ground and seek protection beside the kneeling animal.

Often along the way a baby camel is born. It is a soft, helpless little creature which its mother assists as best she can until it is strong enough to make its way alone. The Mohammedans are said to rear the finest camels in the world and

are devoted to their herds. The baby animals sleep in the same tent with their owners and are made great pets. But they may not be ridden until they are three years old. When they are five, they have become fully grown, and if well treated, will often live to be about twenty years of age.

In the heart of central Africa, there are camels that have never been tamed, and it is surmised that from this sun-scorched wasteland where no creatures, except the camel, could survive the terrible sand storms, came the ancestors of those that made their way to Asia. Fossil remains which were excavated in the western parts of the United States show that such animals inhabited the land there millions of years ago.

The camel was introduced into Texas in 1856 as a mail carrier, but the experiment was a failure. However, let us never forget that but for this remarkable creature, which has had such a long career of usefulness, many territories in the Far East would have been closed to world markets.

Christmas

Christmas Stillness

By ANNIE GRAHAM KING

Because He came in quietness,
Attuned to angel song,
The things of earth drew close to Him,
To whom all things belong.

The stars within the heavens sang,
As sang the birds below,
And all the beasts were kind to Him,
And all the flowers that grow.

He knew the meaning of the wind,
The life within each seed,
The trampled grass beneath the sun,
And every human need.

Once more, He comes in quietness —
Hearts bow, and Him adore!
For still as light on Christmas night
He shines from shore to shore.

Bethlehem Sheep

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

The little sheep of Bethlehem
Were not afraid that night
When suddenly the angels sang
And all the skies were bright.

And when the shepherds went away
The Holy Child to see
I think the sheep knew well He would
Their Heavenly Shepherd be.

The peace that fell on earth that night
It fell on them, I know
And ever since He's shepherded
Dumb creatures here below.

Merry Christmas

The greeting falls from every tongue,
The dear old welcome words so sweet,
By far-off angel chorus sung,
From baby lips in earthly street.
One message glad in heart and voice
Makes all the wide, wide earth rejoice:
Peace, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
The Christ-child's birthday comes again.

Christmas Query

By EMILY HALE

Still may we sing of peace and good will
to men?
Still shall an angel lead us to Him, as then?
Still in these brutish days and dark, shall
we seek
In His Name, to protect his friends who
cannot speak?

The Friendly Beasts A TWELFTH CENTURY CAROL

Jesus, our brother, strong and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude,
And the friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus, our brother, strong and good.

"I," said the donkey shaggy and brown,
"I carried His mother up hill and down,
"I carried her safely to Bethlehem town,
"I," said the donkey shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed,
"I gave Him my hay to pillow His head,
"I," said the cow all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool His blanket warm,
"He wore my coat on Christmas morn;
"I," said the sheep with curly horn.

"I," said the dove, from the rafters high,
"Coed Him to sleep, my mate and I,
"We coed Him to sleep, my mate and I,
"I," said the dove, from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell,
Of the gift he gave Immanuel,
The gift he gave Immanuel.

Christmas Oxen

By HOWARD A. DETTMERS

Our breath was very hot that night
Against the manger's fresh laid straw.
We almost seemed to sense the plight
Of those who filled our hearts with awe.
There was the urge to humbly kneel,
When from the shadows close and dim
Arose a baby cry so real
We softly stirred at sound of Him.
What matter that the shepherds came
And others, whom tradition say.
Let none neglect to speak our name
We warmed the cradle where He lay.

"Inasmuch . . ."

By MARION H. ADDINGTON

On Christmas Day as I passed by
A house upon a hill
I saw a sheaf of grain hung high
Where birds might take their fill.

The invitation read most plain
To any feathered flock,
And fair and round and plump the grain;
The finest of the shock.

How happy such a fireside
How blessed beyond words
Are those who pause at Christmastide
To feed the hungry birds.

in Verse

Christmastide

By MARIE Z. JELLIFFE

In the sky, the Christmas Star,
On the earth, the holly bough.
Come, ye people, near and far,
Worship Jesus, here and now.

Birds within the branches sing,
Cattle by the manger kneel
Little children homage bring,
Chimes within the church towers peal.

Christmas trees of green, uplift
Laden boughs with gifts of love,
Shining balls on branches drift
And a cherub smiles above.

Snowy tapers gleaming bright,
Sing, O worlds, the Saviour bless;
Now has come the Christmas night.
Bow, O earth, in happiness.

To Baby Jesus

By LILLIE KRONK LEE

Dear Baby Jesus, holy Child,
Born of the Virgin Mary mild,
Again we come respect to pay
To You, upon your blest birthday.

For not in vain your coming then
With "peace on earth, good will to men,"
As shepherds, watching flocks by night,
Beheld, in awe, a wondrous light.

Dear Baby Jesus, help us now
To register a solemn vow,
In pledging loyalty anew
To God, whose Christmas gift is You.

"God's in His Heaven" Still

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

O Troubled hearts, forget your pain,
Your grief and loss, now once again
The merry Yule-tide brings
Its joy of giving, song and mirth
To gladden all the hearts of earth,
And once more celebrate the birth
Of our great King of Kings!

Come, little birds and friendly beasts,
And share with us the Yule-tide feasts
Earth spreads so lavishly!
O children, let your voices gay
Banish all gloom and doubt away!
Be wholly happy for this Day,
And glance around the Tree!

Ring, Christmas bells! Your message gives
Faith to believe that Truth still lives!
Ring, ring, with right good will
For though humanity's bruised breast
Is throbbing with a wild unrest,
Man longs and strives yet for the best!
God's in His heaven still!

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1947.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00
Second Prize 15.00
Third Prize 5.00

Ten \$3.00 prizes
Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

Lines to a Dog

Good friend, obedient, patient, true,
Affectionate and valorous,
Life would be poorer lacking you
And your vast tolerance for us.

We can forgive your little sins—
Your love of pity and attention,
Your wounded look of mild reproach
At slights too slight to even mention!

Your simple zest for life is such
You do not bother overmuch
With petty cares life daily scatters,
For joyousness and love to you
Is all that really matters.

—Marion Doyle

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



The Kiwi, a bird that cannot fly.

Kiwikiwi Bird

By IDA M. PARDUE

DID Mother Nature actually plan the kiwi bird—or was it just an accident?

The first kiwi was taken to England in 1851, and there proudly displayed as a strange new bird—but it is doubtful if even the kiwi believes that it belongs to the bird family.

Most members of the bird kingdom fly, but the kiwi cannot. For this reason it was dubbed the "apteryx," which means "without wings." It was not until much later that this impression was corrected. The kiwi does have wings, although they are useless appendages hidden under a thick padding of soft feathers. The kiwi forgot long ago how to use the wings.

Even if the wings were in working order, it is unlikely that the kiwi would attempt flight, for its legs are thick and weighty. The bird's whole body is heavy and awkward, although it is not any larger in size than a goose.

One of the chief peculiarities of the kiwi is its habit of continually sniffing, and even the sniffs come from a nose, or bill, which is different in construction from that of other birds. The kiwi breathes through nostrils placed at the very end of the bill, instead of at the

top as with the rest of the bird family.

This interesting creature is nearly extinct. In its native home, New Zealand, it has for too long been the prey of natives who prize its beautiful feathers. Unable to fly, the bird is defenseless except for vicious claws and bill, which can be used to good advantage when cornered. The kiwi, however, would rather run from trouble than meet it. Surprisingly fast when pursued, the kiwi will jump into a hole in the ground for protection.

The kiwi is rarely seen in the daytime, for like an owl it hunts its diet of worms, fruit and insects after the light has vanished. It is a harmless, mild-mannered fellow, whose fascinating call of "Kiwikiwi" has resulted in its common name, and many bird lovers will regret it when the last kiwi has joined the ranks of the extinct birds.

This bird is brown in color and although, as has been said above, it is mild in disposition and manner, it will, when brought to bay, use the sharp claws on its feet as weapons of self-defense.

It is also interesting to note that the eggs of this creature are, in relation to the size of the bird, the largest laid by any living species.

"Jimmy Riverside"

HERE is the story of "Jimmy Riverside," a dog resident of Springfield. It seems that every time he feels dog days coming on, he goes to the Hospital. Not long ago, he had a bone to pick with the world, more specifically with an automobile and he promptly landed in our Springfield Branch Hospital.

Jimmy, canine mascot at Riverside Park, has been in our Hospital so often that the staff feels a sense of loss if he isn't in the ward. This time, Jimmy had a slight altercation with a passing car, causing a dislocated hip, which put him out of circulation for a few days.

When not convalescing, Jimmy has a busy life. He herds sheep, guards the Riverside Park office, tags along with the nightwatchman on his beat, and generally keeps an eye on things.

When he has been a patient on previous occasions, employes of the Park have rallied around in great style and no sooner is the word passed that Jimmy's hurt again, than the cigar box for his hospital fund is making the rounds.

This time, the Hospital was the recipient of \$53.82 which friends of Jimmy collected at the Park. This is the third

time that the cigar box has been passed around during the past two years for Jimmy's welfare, and in all, well over \$100, far more than his bills, has been turned over to the Society in appreciation of Jimmy's frequent medical care.

The inscription on the cigar box reads: "Donation for the Jimmy Riverside Fund to help some other dogs not so lucky as Jimmy."

Investigation

INVESTIGATING a complaint that a horse with no shoes was being used on a hard pavement, our officer inspected the animal and found that it had no shoes and that its feet were starting to break down. Officer Brown ordered the horse stabled and not used until it was properly shod.

Springfield Area



Glendore Lyman and the Wanderer.

Gypsy Blood

HAPPY" is a "knight of the road." He is a hitch-hiker and a panhandler. And he has made a success of it. When he tires of his own locale, he thinks nothing of hopping a freight for the far-off hills.

One day recently, Happy decided that his native haunts in Hartford, Connecticut, were boring. Two hours later, he was wandering about the railway yards in Springfield—the Hartford train had just passed through. Taken to our Springfield Branch Hospital, where he graciously posed with Glendore Lyman, Happy awaited his master's arrival, and then returned to Hartford—by bus.



Mary and Ann Dryden, of Springfield, stop to admire these eight puppies, awaiting adoption at our Springfield Branch Hospital.

Dogs. Abandoned

ON a complaint that a family had moved away and left two dogs without food or water, our officer investigated and found it necessary to put one dog to sleep and to bring the other to our Hospital. He talked with the owner who claimed that his son was supposed to feed them.

This man has thirteen children and it was thought best not to prosecute him for cruelty, but our agent admonished him for his actions and warned him against further actions of a like nature, with a further warning that he would be brought to court if another complaint were received.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

News and Service

Boston Area



Nurse Annette Perkins consoles lost dog.

Where Is My Master?

THAT is what this Newfoundland dog seems to be saying to Nurse Annette Perkins, who gives him a consoling pat, as he waits patiently at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital to be claimed by his owner.

The huge, male, coal-black canine, which is about three years old and weighs approximately 140 pounds, was picked up recently in Brookline, where he had been wandering around for two or three days, while kindly neighbors took turns feeding him. The dog bore no collar or other marks of identification, and all efforts to locate his owner have been futile.

Hospital authorities have expressed the opinion that possibly he may have escaped from an automobile and roamed about the district, hoping for his master's return.

Horses' Christmas

AS has been our custom for nearly thirty years, our Society, the originator of the idea, will once again celebrate the Christmas season by sending out hundreds of specially prepared dinners for the horses of Boston. And in various sections of the State, our officers will, also, see to it that the horses are feted with a bountiful repast.

We shall, indeed, appreciate gifts of money and donations of oats, carrots and apples to help us in this work.

New Department Opened

OUR Hospital has recently welcomed to its staff, Dr. David L. Coffin, formerly Assistant Professor of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine. Dr. Coffin will form a department of pathology as a further means of providing the best possible care for animal patients.

Graduated in 1938, Dr. Coffin spent some time with the Pennsylvania Bureau of Animal Industry, returning to his alma mater in 1939 and becoming Assistant Professor of Pathology in 1945. In addition to teaching Clinical Pathology and conducting the diagnostic laboratory, he has found time to write several important papers for various veterinary publications.

Dr. Coffin is perhaps best known as the author of the "Manual of Veterinary Clinical Pathology," published in 1945.

Deserved Recognition

AT the recent convention of The American Humane Association, the following resolution was adopted unanimously, honoring our own Dr. Francis H. Rowley:

RESOLVED: This 70th Convention of The American Humane Association sends greetings to Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who was for more than thirty-five years president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and does hereby reaffirm recognition of his notable service to the humane cause throughout the world.



Cruelty to Cat

RECEIVING a complaint that a child had tied a rope around a cat's neck, one of our officers visited the home where the child's mother showed him the rope and the cat. The animal was not seriously injured, the child, a five-year-old boy, stating that he tied the cat up so he could not get away. He was punished by his parents and our agent convinced him that if he abused his pet again, it would be taken away and he promised never to do it again.



On her way to school, Mary Davis, of Roxbury, visits her pet, "Fluffy," a patient at our Hospital. With her is her playmate Don McLaughlin.



Photo, Gene W. Gustafson

Helping him with his Christmas present.

Hidden Animals and Birds

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

In each sentence an animal and a bird are hiding. See if you can find them all.

1. We can now rent a camp beside Ernest's if we build a footbridge to span the river to get to it.
2. Shall we sell this old chest, or keep it for camp where it will be a very handy thing?
3. We will have to truck it ten miles, but it is one of mother's pet relics.
4. As for this long rack, leave it standing on the porch for next trip.
5. If Ernest will swap it in exchange for something, his spare canoe will look smart in a coat of new paint.
6. Where the bank is lined with rushes we can clear a canoe channel with that thing you call a mattock.
7. And at the foot of the plot terrace where the garden patch ought to be.
8. And at the top, hoe beside the fence to kill the weeds.
9. There are many tasks, but if we attack them all arduously no investment of time could offer returns more profitable in health and pleasure.

ANSWERS: Wren, panther. Stork, beaver. Kitten, petrel. Grackle, dingo. Wapiti, martin. Thrush, llama. Otter, chough. Phoebe, ewe. Mallard, ferret.

Words of Association

By J. CASEY

Below are listed a group of three sets of words. Without looking at the answers, see what animal, insect, reptile or fowl is brought to your mind.

1. Bray	1. Covey	1. Aerie
2. Coo	2. Pride	2. Apiary
3. Croak	3. Gaggle	3. Hutch
4. Howl	4. Pack	4. Sty
5. Screech	5. Colony	5. Tunnel
6. Gobble	6. Nide	6. Rookery
7. Bellow	7. School	7. Kennel
8. Mew	8. Litter	8. Coop
9. Hiss	9. Flock	9. Town
10. Cluck	10. Drove	10. Dovecote

Answers

1. Donkey	1. Quails	1. Eagles
2. Dove, Pigeon	2. Lions	2. Bees
3. Frog	3. Geese	3. Rabbits
4. Wolf, Dog	4. Wolves	4. Swine
5. Owl	5. Beavers	5. Moles
6. Turkey	6. Pheasants	6. Rooks
7. Bull	7. Fishes	7. Dogs
8. Cat	8. Pigs, Cats, etc.	8. Chickens
9. Snake	9. Sheep, Goats	9. Prairie dogs
10. Hen	10. Horses	10. Doves

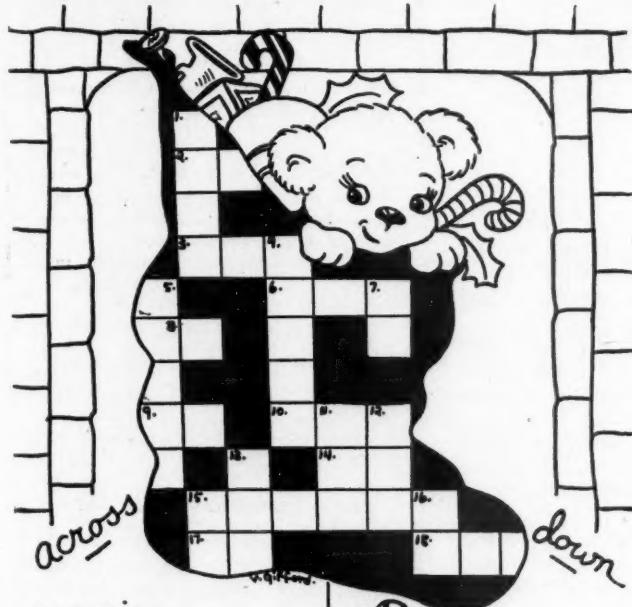


Photo, G. P. Dalton

Ready for play on Christmas morning.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



2. morning.
3. Night before Christmas.
6. Frozen water.
8. Cry of pain.
9. Fifty-five - roman num.
10.
14. Note in scale.
15.
17. Upon.
18. Twelfth month - abbr.

1.
4. Five + three.
5.
7. Elevated - abbr.
11. Ancient.
12. Chum.
13.
15. Company - abbr.
16. Boys name - abbr.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

2. A.M.
3. Eve
6. Ice
8. Ow
9. LV
10. Top
14. La
15. Candle
17. On
18. Dec.

DOWN

1. Cane
4. Eight
5. Holly
7. El
11. Old
12. Pal
13. Pan
15. Co.
16. Ed

December 1946

Charade

By CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

MY FIRST is an insect
Which often you see.
In Proverbs 'tis mentioned;
Now what can it be?

MY SECOND'S a letter;
A vowel; and you
In this verse may find it;
And that's a hot clue.

MY THIRD is the gait at
Which horses oft go;
And you may adopt it
As well, don't you know!

MY WHOLE is an animal,
Reckoned most fleet,
Which the children of Israel
When trav'ling might meet.

ANSWER: ANT-E-LOPE



Photo, Americo Grasso

CAT'S CHRISTMAS CAPERS

There is nothing the family cat likes to do better on Christmas morning than to investigate all the toys under the Christmas tree and to be the first one to try out some of the games, too.

Well Done!

WE want to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation for the outstanding cooperation of the Metropolitan Police and for their devotion to duty in the cases of two horsemen whom they recently apprehended.

It happened in Saugus, when police officers noted two riders racing and overdriving their mounts. For this cruelty, they were brought to court, found guilty and each paid a fine of five dollars and costs.

It is manifestly impossible for our own agents to be everywhere and we sincerely appreciate the action of these officers in enforcing the law and perhaps, by example, deterring other riders from this particular type of cruelty.



UNRRA Shipments

OUR Society received a number of complaints that UNRRA animals shipped to Europe were being loaded in a manner that required investigation.

As a result, we requested the national humane organization to investigate and from a report by its representative, Christian P. Norgord, we learn that an exhaustive survey of the whole situation was made. Said Mr. Norgord, "On the whole, one could find little fault so far as any mishandling of the horses is concerned. One man on the ship, who has cared for horses on 30 trips told me that they were handled very carefully by the crews on the other side." Mr. Norgord also found that vessels were well equipped with stalls and feeding and watering facilities.

With reference to the treatment of the animals in Poland, it was learned on good authority that the average family is so dependent on the milk of cows they get from UNRRA that they are very careful in their treatment of the animals.

Mr. Norgord, on further investigation, suggested various procedures to be followed and these were accepted in good faith by the contractors and Port Supervisor.

As an added safeguard, it is planned that Mr. Norgord go to Europe on one of the transports to obtain first-hand information. As the life of UNRRA, however, is in question, this trip will depend entirely upon whether or not such shipments are continued.

The readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will have the satisfaction of knowing that from now on all animals to be sent out in this manner will be looked over carefully by humane representatives.



Have you sent your order for calendars and Christmas gift subscriptions? See both back covers for full details. Act now!

Reward Offered

A SUBSTANTIAL reward is offered for the recovery of two valuable red cocker spaniels answering to the names of "Pete" and "Poppet." The dogs are thought to have been stolen the third week of September in the neighborhood of Woodbury, Connecticut.

Anyone having any clue as to their whereabouts should get in touch immediately with Miss Georgia Engelhard, c/o The Camera Club, 121 West 68th St., New York City, or call either of these two phone numbers, 23-Su7-9674 or Rh4-1247.



Kindness Week Blotters

WE have just received our new stock of blotters, designed especially for the coming Be Kind to Animals Week celebration.

These blotters, like last year, are printed on a white coated stock in red and black with an appealing photographic reproduction for illustration.

Persons or Societies desiring special imprints of their own names should write immediately for quantity price quotations.

The price without a special imprint is one cent each, in lots of 25 or more blotters. Postage should be included for smaller orders.

Please place your orders promptly with the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.



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No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

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* * * *

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The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

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American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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